Volume LXVI CHICAGO, JANUARY 12, 1911 Number 20

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

PRAYER

Not supplication but communion,
And love, the shrine;
Not telling beads, but childlike union
With the Divine.

'Tis feeling what no words can capture,
Though music-shod;
It is the spirit's holy rapture
That God is God.

—*Gottfried Hult.*

In Reveries and Other Poems, Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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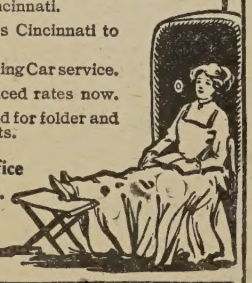

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UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN "

Vol. LXVI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1911. NUMBER 20.

ALWAYS CHRISTMAS

Struck me of a sudden that friendliness an' cheer
Was meant to be on duty more than one day in the year!
If we're happy Christmas, why not the day before,
An' the day that follows, an' so on, evermore?
Got to thinkin' of it—an' that is why I say
Christmas came to our house—an' never went away.

Lots of us go ploddin' along the road o' life
An' think one day o' gladness will make up for all the strife—
But the Christmas spirit can show you how you need
To make each day a Christmas in thought an' word an' deed—
Used to pack the kindness in camphor balls next day
Till Christmas came to our house—an' never went away.

We just keep on givin' to strangers and to kin
An' find that what is goin' out is always comin' in;
Makes the sunshine brighter where we've got to live
To learn that givin' 's keepin'—what you keep you give.
Holly in December, and violets in May—
An' Christmas came to our house—an' never went away!

Used to think that Christmas was nothin but a date
Till I learned that truly you would never have to wait,
But that it's the spirit that never stays apart
If you let it find you, an' keep it in your heart.
Since I found that Christmas is more than just a day
Christmas came to our house—an' never went away!

—*W. D. Nesbit.*

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The following printed notice, found posted in a hotel room over a clean, canton flannel mitt, indicates the western march of civilization. We do not remember ever noticing such evidence of refinement on the part of hotel landlords in the eastern world, but it would be a reckless man who would venture the opinion that there is no occasion for the mitt east of the Mississippi River.

Please use this cloth for wiping your shoes off, and take it with you if you wish. Kindly leave the towel for the face.

"Professor ——— believes in establishing a prejudice early in life." So writes an anxious mother who has a boy to raise, anent the saloon question. We quote the Professor's phrase as containing large ethical wisdom. A righteous "prejudice" against things low and coarse is a great endowment to any boy, and the parent, who in the interest of a supposed liberality, allows a child to grow up with no repugnance in his heart to things low and vulgar, to the nastiness of the saloon and the wickedness of drunkard making, starts out in life without adequate equipment. A righteous "prejudice" is a good thing to have. Teach your boys to *hate* many things with a righteous hatred.

The *Baraboo* (Wis.) *News* has this to say concern- the last volume, "On the Firing Line," published by the Senior Editor of UNITY:

The book is a temperance document, written in that peculiar, convincing vein of his, always genial and companionable. There is plenty of sparkle to the stories, no ranting, no bitter denunciation, just plain common sense. This great worker for the common good was on the firing line in the Rebellion and says that this nation is now in a war for sobriety, in a battle for soul-liberty, a triumph of judgment over appetite. "Bob" and "Billy" near Spring Green were never on the firing line. They had no enemies except the one fell enemy that undid them.

The arguments are so forceful that there is no retreat. If you have a friend interested in the war for sobriety, give him "On the Firing Line" for Christmas. It may be obtained of the Unity Publishing Company, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, Ill. Price 50 cents. Jenkin Lloyd Jones is now at the head of All Souls church.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* has been studying the source of the increased cost of living. He discovers that the "maintenance of the family auto" equals two-thirds the entire cost of the table; the cost of clothes for the family of three equals two-thirds the entire table cost and "incidentals," little "trips" and many "little things" connected with the family comfort equal two and one-half times the entire cost of the table for the year. This "Westerner" thinks that if more folks who complained of the high cost of living kept books, they would find that table expenses are minor items. The same paper contains the despatch from New York City, setting forth the fact that the outstanding loans on the books of the New York Life at the close of 1910 stood at one million dollars, or nearly one-sixth of the company's assets was so invested, and the preliminary reports of the Mutual Life and the Equitable promise a similar array of figures. The despatch goes on to say that much of the money secured went to the purchase of automobiles and other luxuries, as shown by the fact that applicants asked that the details be kept secret, and that the checks covering the advances should not be stamped "Loan Division." It is further set forth in the despatch that these loans once made on an insurance policy stick as a mortgage sticks to a house, and this assertion is backed by the statement that ninety per cent of such loans are never repaid, the result being either the "abandonment of the insurance by the insured, or the loss becomes a claim against the policy at death." There is grim pathos

in the thought that the good times of at least some of the automobilists are secured at the cost of the widows and orphans after the last run is made.

The senior editor of UNITY made a dash toward the North Pole last week, and notwithstanding the famous blizzard and twenty-degrees-below zero weather, returned unnipped. On Thursday evening, the 5th, it was his privilege to address the Historical Society of North Dakota at the capital city of Bismarck. The governor of the state, who that morning had taken the oath of office for the fourth time, presided, and a goodly number of the gathering legislators were present to listen to the story of Francis Parkman, the great American story-teller. An all-day ride brought him Friday evening to the monthly banquet of the faculty of the University of North Dakota with their wives and husbands at Grand Forks, and on Saturday morning he addressed the University Convocation, consisting of the faculty and four or five hundred bright students. Sunday evening he addressed the large Sunday-night audience at Fargo. Professor Godfried Hult, of the Greek Department of North Dakota University, occupied the pulpit at Abraham Lincoln Centre on Sunday morning in exchange. It is inspiring to find the vigorous, independent, intellectual life mingling with the spiritual earnestness that is being developed in that treeless state. Professor Hult is a poet not without honor in his own country. Dr. O. G. Libby, head of the History Department of the University and secretary of the State Historical Society, is already a marked man in the state, and true to the spirit of radicalism and the progressive thought he is a man who is surveying the lines of the future from stakes already set in the past. He is kindling in the minds of the young an appreciation of the historic material lying about them. He is a man who does not believe that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian," but on the contrary that Indian lore is good material for the moralist as well as the student of races. It is worth while to go among young people who have to fight for what they get and who, at least during the winter months, are driven inward by the heroic climate. Poetry, prophecy, philosophy, all grow out of the independency that in North Dakota, a Republican state, elected for the fourth time a Democratic governor, simply because they care more for the man than for the party. North Dakota is to be reckoned with in the future and to be counted on for reinforcements to the advancing lines.

John Ruskin

The art of teaching Ruskin had its chief significance for a mechanical age in the contention that the genuine is superior to the exact. Out of his many instructive volumes we may choose two great art teachings as expressing his philosophy and his life. First: "The aim of art is always to tell a true thing or adorn a useful one." His advice to the young artists of England, as printed in his first book, "Modern Painters," would have been, and is still, equally appropriate to the industrialists: "They should go to nature in all singleness of heart and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning, rejecting nothing, selecting nothing and scorning nothing." This teaching involved the recognition of the merits of the Gothic and the defense of the Pre-raphaelites, as it would involve the recognition of the law of gravity, the use of the streams, the preservation of the forests, and the general attitude of reverence for all nature, instead of arrogance, which has led to the destructive activities of the nineteenth century.

Ruskin's second great art teaching was: "Life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality." Why, he asks, should we put ugly and useless decorations before our saloons and neglect to cleanse our streams? Why should we squander our money in brutalizing activities when there are both pleasure and profit in beautifying the world? "It is uneconomic to produce anything which does not lead to life." It is not remarkable that a man whose art philosophy culminates in such economic teaching should find it necessary to preach economic and social reform in order to attain an artistic ideal. The art critic turns economist not by virtue of his eccentricity, but because of the profundity of his philosophy.

The value of Mr. Ruskin's economic teachings is being recognized by the scientific economist today. They carry weight not merely because he was a thoughtful student and a man of wealth, but because he practiced what he preached. It was Ruskin to whom Miss Octavia Hill turned when she first wished to experiment in rent collecting. It was Ruskin who, as professor of fine arts at Oxford, set the band of young men led by Arnold Toynbee to road-making in Oxford suburbs, who inspired William Morris and Cobden-Sanderson to art-craftsmanship, who furnished the backbone of the economics of the two leading British economists of the younger generation,—William Smart and John A. Hobson. It was Ruskin's teaching which led to the organization of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, the Trust for the Preservation of Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty. Ruskin was one of the great men in Oxford who stimulated Toynbee and others to live in East London

and originate social settlements. It was Ruskin who gave the first piece of ground for "public playground" purposes, as we use the term. Ruskin was the first president of the Art for Schools Society, the prototype of all our American public school art societies. One might go on mentioning the innumerable Ruskin societies, but sufficient tribute has been paid to the practical outcome of his teachings.

John A. Hobson, the most brilliant contemporary English economist, gives this testimony to Ruskin's ability: "Ruskin's qualifications as economist—his first qualification is that of being a skilled specialist in the fine qualities of work on the one hand, and of enjoyment or consumption on the other hand. Both from personal practice and from long habits of close observation of the work of skilful men in many places, he obtained a wide and varied knowledge of the handling of different tools and materials for the production of useful and beautiful goods. This experience was by no means confined to painting, sculpture, and the so-called "fine arts," but comprised the practical work of architecture, wood and metal work, pottery, jewelry, weaving and other handicrafts. His investigations into agriculture, both on the continent of Europe and in Britain, were minute and painstaking; and though his experiments in reclaiming and draining land were not always successful, they indicated close knowledge of the concrete facts. Moreover, Mr. Ruskin made a life-long study of animal and vegetable life, and of the structure and composition of the earth, thus gaining an intimate acquaintance with the nature of the raw materials of that wealth which formed the chief subject matter of commercial economy. He had spent most of his laborious life in patient, detailed observation of nature and the works of man. Both from contemporary observation and from the study of history, the actual processes by which large classes of goods were produced and consumed were familiar to him. How many of the teachers of Political Economy who have been so scornful of Mr. Ruskin's claims possessed a tithe of this practical knowledge!"

"There is no wealth but life," says Ruskin, in a pregnant epigram. Professor William Smart of Glasgow says: "It is sober truth that we may be producing every year a greater sum in terms of money, and so a greater amount of what we ordinarily call 'wealth,' without being aware that we are cutting away the foundations of real well-being. What avails it, for instance, as regards humanity at large, how much we add to the dynamic wealth of land and machinery, if these forces are set, say, to manufacture fireworks, or build pyramids, or maintain standing armies? On the other hand, wise individuals, and, still more, wise municipalities may be rebuilding their portion of the house of life without being conscious of any more virtue or sacrifice than lies in a commonsense conscientious laying out of money."

Prof. Mackenzie also testifies: "The meaning of the term 'wealth' has undergone a process of continuous deepening throughout the history of economic science; and it may be doubted whether even now the sense in which it is commonly accepted in economic writings can be regarded as ultimate. The most palpable mistake on this subject is that of confounding wealth with money—a mistake by no means uncommon in popular thought. When this error is corrected, our next idea of wealth is apt to be, in a vague way, that it consists in the sum of those material things which are serviceable to man. So long as this view prevails, wealth continues to be thought of as so much material; and a prejudice remains against those things which merely satisfy human wants without visibly increasing our material resources—such as works of art. In recent times we have learned to think of wealth as including all means for the satisfaction of human needs, and to estimate its value in proportion to the satisfaction which it gives: but the satisfaction of wants again involves a certain ambiguity. If our wants should happen to be leading us to destruction, the means of satisfying them will hardly, in fairness, be regarded as wealth. Such objects would be more correctly styled in the language of Mr. Ruskin, 'illth.' We must distinguish, in fact, between what we really want, and what we only think we want, before a true conception of what we mean by wealth can be attained."

It remains only to say that the ethics of wealth according to Ruskin imply a reconstruction of our contemporary industrial and artistic standards. Wealth must always be measured in terms of life. The money spent in destroying or injuring life is not wealth. We must distinguish between public and private property, not only as we now do between a city hall and a private house, but in the larger sense in which the outside of any house is public property, unless located in an inaccessible park. There is also wealth which cannot be private property, the wealth which consists in power over men. In fact Ruskin says: "There is no wealth but life." Life including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings: that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others."

This is the word of the man of resources, intellectual and material. To the twentieth century mind Ruskin was a man of contradictions, and we must not lose the value of his great contribution to our modern thought because of his inconsistencies and errors. Ruskin was not a democrat, but he was a lover of

men; he was not a believer in liberty, but he was an advocate of justice; he denied art "for art's sake" and money for possession's sake, but he demanded the wealth which is life for all. CHARLES ZUEBLIN.

Poverty

When Robert Hunter published his famous book on "Poverty" some six years ago, and for the first time succeeded in arousing our people to a realization of the fact that social misery is rapidly growing to the same hideous proportions in this country as in the countries of modern Europe, a vigorous attempt was made to prove that his figures and estimates as to the extent of poverty were grossly exaggerated, and hence his picture of the seriousness of the situation overdrawn. Under the circumstances, this endeavor was wholly natural. It was not exactly pleasant to be told that in America, which had long been regarded as a land of boundless wealth and opportunity, and thus had long been offered as an asylum of refuge for the poor and the downtrodden of all the earth, vast numbers of people were wretchedly poor,—that in 1903, 20 per cent of the people of Boston were in distress; in 1897, 19 per cent of the people of New York State; and in 1899, 18 per cent of the people in New York State,—that in 1903, 14 per cent of the families in the Borough of Manhattan were evicted from their homes,—that every year 10 per cent of those who die in Manhattan have pauper burial,—that "on the basis of these figures it would seem fair to estimate that certainly not less than 14 per cent of the people in prosperous times (1903), and probably not less than 20 per cent in bad times (1897), are in distress;" and that "this estimate is a conservative one." These are not pleasant truths; and it is therefore not to be wondered at that a great hue and cry was raised, and every endeavor made to invalidate these estimates. In some minor matters, Mr. Hunter's figures were found to need slight correction; but, in all essential matters, they stood the test; and every survey of social conditions which has been made since the publication of this book,—and these surveys have been many and most exacting,—has only served to confirm his original conclusions.

Only last week there appeared a statement here in New York which shows that Mr. Hunter's cry of alarm was raised none too soon. I refer to the statistics recently compiled by the Committee on Charities of our city, and published as an official report from the former to the latter. I pass over such appalling facts as that 140,000 are daily ill in New York, that there are still over 100,000 windowless rooms in our tenement houses which are thus totally deprived of light and air, that the housing of the poor in these habitations causes 20,000 new cases of tuberculosis every year and 10,000 deaths,—that the state, the city, and private charitable institutions collectively spend about $35,000,000 for the succor of the needy,—and I come directly to the statement which immediately concerns us here,—namely, that the number of individuals annually securing charitable aid in some form or other in New York averages one person out of every nine living in the city. When we remember, in connection with this fearful estimate, what is known to every social worker, that by no means all persons who are wretchedly poor are recipients of charitable relief,—"my own opinion is," says Robert Hunter, "that probably not even half of those in poverty ever apply for charity,"—we begin to get some idea of the proportions which the problem of social misery is reaching in this country. Of course, New York is an exception. But it is not extravagant to estimate, according to Prof. Richard Henry Edwards, of the University of Wisconsin, that certainly not less than three and perhaps as many as ten millions of persons are in various stages of poverty in this country, and that "the annual expense involved is nearly two hundred millions of dollars;" and Prof. Chapin, of Beloit College, is so appalled by the situation that he asks himself the startling question, "How near are we to the state of affairs of England in 1889, when Charles Booth estimated that 39 per cent of the people of London were living in poverty?"

There can be no further question that poverty is with us,—the specter is already within our gates. And yet!—the existence of poverty, like that of typhoid fever or tuberculosis, is today inexcusable. We used to believe that poverty was due to the inefficiency or immorality of those who suffered from it, and that its existence was therefore inevitable in a society not composed of angels. But today we are being told that poverty as a whole is due not to individual short-comings or depravity, but to social conditions, the continued existence of which can have no justification. Here, for example, is Profesor Edwards, in his tract on "Poverty," putting aside the common theory of "most well-to-do people," that "poverty arises largely from individual causes such as laziness, sickness, intemperance, immorality, and general inefficiency," and stating that "more and more the social causes of poverty are receiving emphasis from scientific students of the problem." "The hard facts of modern economic life are seen to condition the struggle of the individual to such a degree that economic failure is often largely traceable to causes over which he has little or no control." Here also is Miss Lillian Brandt, a social expert of recognized authority, stating in so many words, "that when exploitation of labor and defective governmental regulation have been eliminated, the irreducible minimum of natural depravity, moral defects, or whatever it may be called, will not be large enough to constitute a serious problem." Here is Miss Jane Addams, in her recently published "Twenty Years at

Hull House," speaking of "the problems of poverty which are so dependent upon industrial mal-adjustment," describing "the charitable people, through their very knowledge of the poor, constantly approaching nearer to those methods formerly designated as radical," and pointing out how "out of the most persistent and intelligent efforts to alleviate poverty, (there) arise the most significant suggestions for eradicating poverty." Most emphatic and convincing, however, is the attitude of Dr. Edward T. Devine, the general secretary of the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York, and editor of the *Survey*, as expressed in his book on "Misery and Its Causes." The theory that the poor are morally responsible for their poverty, he says, "is the orthodoxy of a certain social philosophy against which every great religious teacher lifts his voice in indignant protest, against which every scientific observer records his testimony." "Poverty," he declares, "is in the main the result of adverse conditions over which the individual who suffers is unable to exercise effective control, but which are not beyond social control. . . . Misery, therefore, as we say of tuberculosis, is curable and preventable. It lies not in the unalterable nature of things, but in our particular human institutions, our social arrangements, our tenements and streets and subways, our laws and courts and jails, ... our politics, our industry, and our business."

Here now are the figures as to the extent of poverty, and here are the scientific conclusions as to the causes of poverty! And what a juxtaposition of testimony it is! If poverty is "in the main" caused by social conditions, and, in a country rich beyond the dreams of avarice and harboring multi-millionaires by the dozens and ordinary, every-day millionaires by the hundreds, there are between three and ten millions of persons in varying degrees of social wretchedness, then the kind of action economically necessary and morally obligatory is clear. We must change conditions, —these "human institutions," these "social arrangements," these "tenements and streets and subways, laws and courts and jails, politics and industry, and business,"—no matter how many millionaires may suffer or how many private fortunes may be reduced. We must adopt some of those "radical methods," of which Miss Addams speaks. I do not know whether this means Socialism, or not! I am wholly indifferent as to names. But one thing I do know,—that it means more, infinitely more, than either one of the two great political parties of this country has ever as yet conceived, and more, infinitely more, than any Catholic or Protestant church, so dependent upon the rich and well-to-do, has ever as yet been willing to admit. In ideal, if not in method, this conception of poverty means a social revolution, and we might as well face the fact one time as another. Poverty is today not an inevitable evil, not even a wretched disease,—it is a social crime! It can be prevented,—and that, in terms of the categorical imperative, means that it must be prevented and that it will. "Every time anybody dies of typhoid fever," said a famous physician not long ago, "somebody ought to be hanged for murder." The same is true of poverty. This thing can be not merely alleviated, but abolished. There is no more reason that people should continue to be poor than that they should continue to die of tuberculosis. We know the way out in both cases, and that way is going to be followed to the bitter end.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

The Automobile Age

We have of course understood, in general terms, that invention is never at a standstill, and that the automobile will have to come under this general rule and be revolutionized sooner or later. But the absolute change that has been suddenly brought about by that genius of invention, Mr. Westinghouse, we were not prepared for. Among his other astounding inventions, we learn that he has created an air-spring for the automobile, and that this will do away altogether with the need of the old-fashioned springs; but far more than that, will lead to the use of solid rubber tires instead of pneumatic tubes. This discovery or invention is more fundamental than can be easily conceived. The air spring will enable the automobile to ride more smoothly on solid tires than it ever before did with pneumatic, while extra tires will not any longer be carried about for emergencies. The fruit grower, delivering his goods in a neighboring city, will no longer be in danger of a puncture while on his road to market with perishable goods, and the physician on the way to his patient will not be compelled to alight and hire a horse. We begin to see a new and more wonderful day for the gasoline or electric motor, and its application to industrial needs must be astoundingly increased. It will belong more than ever to the isolated parts of the country, having at last that surety and solidity which has heretofore been lacking. Speed, we imagine, will be less cared for as the industrial applications of the machines are increased. Fruit and truck can be carried one hundred miles and delivered before eight o'clock, so that in this way the market garden rim about each city will be widened out until it is multiplied by ten. We shall see intensive gardening fifty or one hundred miles from market, where now we see it not more than five or ten. We are hardly satisfied to accept our own figures, for we believe that a greater day has dawned industrially than these express. E. P. P.

THE PULPIT

The Deeper Spiritual Unity

Read at the Berlin Congress of Free Christianity and Religious Progress, Aug. 8, 1910, by Rev. T. Rhondda Williams, of Brighton, England

One of the most hopeful signs of the present time is that Liberal Christianity is striking the note of a deeper spirituality; not content with broader views it is sinking its shafts into the deepest mines of spiritual experience, and laying hold of the wonderful treasures of the God-consciousness. Liberal Christianity in the past has never been pre-eminently a spiritual movement, and at the present time it seems to me to have almost reached its limit unless it can enter upon a new inheritance through spiritual experience. But that is the very thing which it promises to do. Its work in the past has been of great value in many ways, but I think it will come to be recognized that the chief value of liberalizing rationalism that has been at work In theology lies in its clearing the ground for new enterprises of soul in the experience of God. It is in the power of thought-forms in some measure to cramp and narrow experience.

So far as Liberal theology has delivered us from the dogmatic attitude, which was a fetter not only upon the intellect but also upon the soul, it has prepared the way for better things. It has shown the unreasonableness of many of the old barriers which divided the sects and demonstrated the unreality of the line between the church and the world, and thus it has opened out the ground of larger and truer unity. Nevertheless, in itself, it is little more than a preparatory process, and as such it seems to me to have done its work. The day of creedal authority in religion for us is over. Rational liberalism has broken down the frame-work of the old theology beyond repair. There are signs, too, on every hand, that denominationalism is on the wane, every church is complaining of depleted membership. What does all this mean? It means, I think, that the great need of religion to-day is a new and intense spiritualization.

Orthodoxy has failed; a mere liberal theology, on the other hand, cannot feed the soul; denominationalism is dying because denominationalism is not big enough or good enough, sectarianism is being burst by the out-push of that growing human spirit which is realizing wider relations. What religious people of all denominations need to do is to press in upon the center, to re-discover the very soul of religion until they possess it and are possessed by it. We may be thankful for the thoroughness with which critical and rationalizing work has been done. It is that very thoroughness which brings us to see the limitations of such work, and the need of something beyond it. If, as is not unlikely, some of the prophets of a new spiritual era in religion should arise from among the rational Liberals themselves, it would only be a new illustration of an old and familiar fact. Luther became a reformer because he was in dead earnest about religion as presented to him in his church, so earnest that he got out of it all it could give him, and then found it was too little; a less earnest or more superficial nature might have gone on satisfied with the forms and descriptions. It was one of the most devoted and intense sons of the Anglican Church, who initiated a new religious movement in England in the end of the 18th century, which ultimately became detached from the church, and it was through the intensity of his nature that Wesley discovered the need of some new form of service. Mrs. Besant, the thorough-going materialist, who preached her materialism up and down the land, tried to bring all life under its domination, applied it here and there and everywhere, found, through her thoroughness, that materialism was not big enough for the task she imposed upon it. The ardent, thorough-going materialist was appointed to know that this was a spiritual universe after all, and to be a witness to that spiritual reality to all the world. In the same way many radical Liberals have been so thorough in their work as to become the leaders in a religious era richer and more glorious than any yet witnessed. The very thoroughness with which the historical work on the New Testament has been done will bring us the conviction that no historical results are sufficient for the human soul, and that, valuable as history is, it must take a secondary place in religion, personal experience and immediate knowledge of God taking the first place. The benefit of the rational criticism of the Gospels will be found not so much in results established, but in the conviction it will bring us that not along that line shall we discover the greatest treasures of religion. The discussion regarding the origins of Christianity must make it clear to us that our personal religion does not depend upon the way in which the questions of that discussion are answered. The Christian religion has a history which may and should be studied, and from which much help can be got if we are spiritually alive, but, as Dr. Cobb rightly puts it: "If the proposition that the Christian religion is a historical religion be intended to state its nature and aim, then is it falsity so utter and mischievous that it can only be designated as anti-Christian and must be met by the counter-proposition that a historical religion of that character is a materialistic religion." Those who believe in the historical Jesus can get no good from him, except so far as they are able to enter the same realism of spiritual reality. Those who do not believe in the historical Jesus, and those who have never heard of him are not debarred from entering that realism. Men have entered it in every land and in all ages, and whether they call it Jesus, or Christus, or the Spirit of Jahveh, or Brahm, does not matter. All temples may be useful, but all temples are too small, for this reality fills heaven and earth. Divisions in the religious world are quite harmless as long as they only represent different ways for different types of men to express religious reality. The great variety among men may make variety quite necessary in religious service and in forms of thought and worship. But this variety should never be accompanied with enmity or antagonism or with any feeling of separateness. When divisions in that religious world show hostility, the hostility is nearly always due to exclusive dogmatic positions, i. e., to mistaking an aspect of truth for the whole truth. The only remedy for this is a deeper spiritual vision. I have no hope of union as the outcome of the discussion of points of disagreement. There were two brothers in the 17th century by the name of Reynolds; one was an ardent Papist and the other an ardent Protestant. They used to argue their respective positions, and they both argued so well that

each converted the other! On both sides it was evidently a very successful discussion, but even then the net result was no gain. So long as the discussion turns on the relative merits of parties or the relative truth of dogmas there will be no unity. The only hope of unity is in a deep realization of that spiritual truth which is greater than all the dogmas, and transcends all the parties, because out of that realization will be a willingness to welcome any little system through which the broken light may shine for a day; the old sects will not proceed to denounce new sects; the Christian churches will not treat Spiritualism, the New Thought, or Christian Science, as taboo, but will be willing to welcome whatever help they can give to men in the spiritualism of their life. In the great surrender of the soul to God arises a new humanity, in which all men are one, and which brings the great peace. Differences will remain in matters of intellectual apprehension and judgment, but all bitterness will vanish, in the common access through one Spirit to the Father of all. What religious people need most to-day is not theological discussion but spiritual illumination; not arguments, but experiences; not clever intellectual scrimmages about points of difference but a quiet prayerful realization of the true vision of God. We must, of course, explain the truths of experience as best we can, but it is necessary to remember that no explanation can exclude all others. What explanation of the Immanence of God was ever satisfactory? Yet the man whose life has been flooded with the consciousness of God is so sure of it that no argument against it could shake him. It is this consciousness that is becoming the actual experience of a good many liberal Christians to-day, and in it they feel they have entered upon a new inheritance of religion full of surprises to themselves, as if the mystic doors of God are flung open to them on all sides. It is my conviction that the liberal movement is now coming to its baptism of the Spirit, the heavens are opening above it, and the voice of God proclaims the Divine Sonship in its heart. In this experience we are learning that illimitable powers are at work in our lives, and the soul rises to a land of light beyond the shadows and the sunsets. We are passing from the consciousness of striving and seeking after God into the master-consciousness that God has found and filled us. And here we get, not a theory that all men are one, but a vivid realization of it in which the mind lives, in which the heart abides, so that there is no hatred and no enmity, where there is indeed a broad ground of welcome for any new forces that may arise to enlarge the area of the spirit-life. This will make for union in the religious world as nothing else can. The little separate pools on the shore are all one when the tide of the ocean has overflowed them all. When we know the life of God as filling all our lives, then our small separations are all extinguished. I believe this spiritual development of man is on the way. All the pentecosts of humanity are prophetic of it. Every prophet, seer, poet, of the true order, is the foremost wave thrown up the beach of human consciousness by the tide that is coming in from the vaster ocean of the Divine Life. It is a pity that so many who believe in evolution fail to believe in the further evolution of spiritual faculties. It is necessary to realize that these are capable of constant growth, that the man who to-day only sees enemies may to-morrow see the horses and chariots of the Lord; the man who now sees only the fiery furnace and its victims, may come to see the form of the Son of Man in the midst of the fire; he who to-day has but an eye for clouds may grow the power the power to see the Christ that comes upon them. Why should we be content with the present measure of spiritual discernment? With more of it, that more which is possible to all, the world would fill up with holy presences, life would grow august and majestic, and through all the unlovely facts and forms of to-day, through the confusion and strife of the world, we should see the new humanity emerging conscious of its unity in God.

The man who first experimented with electricity could not have dreamed that the day would come when by touching a button in England a spark could be sent over the land and under the sea to open doors, and turn up lights, and fly flags in Canada! Yet what is the power of electricity compared with Spirit? We, as spiritual beings, are in possession of a power, a power that pervades the universe, ten thousand times more wonderful than electricity. When men will turn inward to study the laws of the spirit-life, when they will take the trouble to perfect its instruments of expression and conveyance as carefully and diligently as men have done in physical science, then I believe we shall gain the power to send our thoughts as far and as unerringly as the electric spark travels to-day, thoughts that would flash upon the world like the most stupendous miracles, that would open the doors of freedom, and turn up the lights of hope, and fly the flags of peace in all lands. Thought is practically omnipotent; spirit is supreme. Civilization as we have it is the embodiment of thought. Dreadnoughts are only ideas materialized. Think the new thought and with it create the new civilization, energize the universal spirit, and the Dreadnoughts will melt away. It is literally the truth with God, and in the consciousness, all things are possible. And the key-note of the religious change of our time is the note of this experience. We are beginning to realize that the world in which we live is full of spiritual communication which we can receive, if we qualify ourselves to do so. We are told that the air over the Crystal Palace in London is full of wireless messages. And why? Because several receiving stations have been erected there. The atmosphere of our life will be found full of spiritual messages, too, as soon as we build our receiving stations. Mere orthodoxy of belief will not do, and yet mere freedom from the bondage of creeds is no good, that measure of reality which can come under the foot-rule of intellectual dialectics is too small. What then remains? God and the soul remain, all the wealth of spiritual reality remains. This is a universe of concealed hearts. It has certainly been the glory of God to conceal the real things. They are wonderfully wrapped up in veil after veil; it is only by learning to take off fold after fold that we get to the heart of truth. "Press on, there are divine things well developed," as Whitman said, "more beautiful than words can tell!" All that the past has ever given us is nothing more than an intimation of what is to come. We must read Christianity not as a system of doctrine, and not as mere history, but as a symbol of that indescribable fullness of Divine Life which is making its way toward us, and to which we are going. Nothing we have yet realized is worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in

us. To enter into this experience is to be in the presence of the Holy Grail which puts a strange glory on the face of all our fellows. It is to find ourselves in the temple which is larger than all the churches, in the fellowship which is wider than all communions, in the truth which is greater than all the creeds, and in the morality which is wider than all the codes. As soon as we know this temple at all, we know it is many-doored; that it has different openings for different types of men in their differing needs, as Matheson sang in his beautiful hymn:

Three doors there are in the temple
Where men go up to pray,
And they that wait at the outer gate
May enter by either way.

O Father give each his answer,—
Each in his kindred way;
Adapt Thy light to his form of night,
And grant him his needed day.

O give to the yearning spirits,
That only Thy rest desire,
The power to bask in the peace they ask,
And feel the warmth of Thy fire.

Give to my soul that seeketh,
Mid cloud, and doubt, and storm,
The glad surprise of the straining eyes
To see on the waves Thy form.

Give to the heart that knocketh,
At the doors of earthly care
The strength to tread in the pathway spread
By the flowers Thou hast planted there.

For the middle wall shall be broken,
And the light expand its ray,
When the burdened of brain and the soother of pain
Shall be ranked with the men who pray.

More About Ruskin

UNITY struck a "live wire" when it raised the question of John Ruskin's continued popularity. Professor Charles Zueblin has written his opinion at some length and we are glad to give it editorial space. In a private letter he sums up the matter in a way that would seem to meet the judgment of a large majority of readers. He says:

"He may not be read so much as formerly and his name may not be received so highly, but his influence was never so great."

David Starr Jordan says:

"As regards Ruskin, while he said many true things charmingly, and some freakish things, likewise charmingly, his influence, it seems to me, is rather waning than otherwise, because he did not go to the bottom of things, and therefore did not have the social ideas in perspective. He is therefore more valuable for quotations than for leadership."

Alfred J. Davis, of Minneapolis, writes:

"I read with interest the various estimates of John Ruskin's influence. As it is impossible to estimate with exactness the influence of anything upon the lives of men or the influence of one person upon another, the influence of Ruskin upon one's self would be a helpful subject. When a country boy I saw clouds nearly every day but it was not till I accidentally ran on to a few quotations from Ruskin that I saw the wonderful grandeur of storm-clouds and felt the mystic beauty of cloud shadows and the exquisite shadings of quiet skies. I had seen books, but not until I read "Sesame and Lilies," did I grasp the poetry of life and the inspiration of poetry. I had realized the cruelty and crime of misused physical strength, but not until I read Ruskin could I see the injustice inflicted by what he called "stout minds" and the tyranny of the unenlightened conscience. The quotation from Ruskin which the librarian of the Chicago library gave us, coming as it did at the end of a long list of criticisms, reads like a rebuke to disparagement and a call to our literary workers to go back to Ruskin for inspiration,—to quit criticism and to create."

"A Chamber of Imagery"

By Joseph Fort Newton

God hath set the world in man's heart.
Eccl. 3:11.

If on a clear night you stand beside a quiet pool you will see a sky full of stars set in the bosom of the water. Dip up a cup of the water and look into it, as into a mirror, and you will see the same starry world set in the cup. Or take a drop of water on the point of your knife, and you will see in that tiny orb a miniature sky with moon and stars aglow. Even so God has set the world, with its beauty, form and color, in the heart of man, and made it "a chamber of imagery."

Not only the world of form and color, but the unseen world, with its starry truths, is set in the soul of man. Other creatures seem not to go beyond matter of fact. We alone are the dreamers, the hopers, the seers of visions, the followers of ideals. We alone are pilgrims of that viewless realm where thought and faith have their home, and whence come all happy miracles, all inward renewals, all glimpses of things to be. The power by which we are thus made citizens of two worlds, using the scenery of one to make real the truths of the other, is one of the noblest gifts to man, though too often regarded as a mere butterfly faculty.

"Imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown
And gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

So wrote Shakespeare; but just because the realm with which imagination has to do is intangible this artist-faculty is regarded with suspicion, as though it could do nothing but cast a merciful glamor over hard truth. Many men seem to fear it as an enemy of truth. They have observed its action in weak vessels, and are unduly impressed by its disasters. But they might with equal reason point to exploded boilers as an argument against the use of steam. When they wish to dismiss a thing as unreliable they say, "It is all imagination." This is to err, by confusing imagination with fancy; for, while fancy is one form of the same power, it must not be confounded with that sovereign power without which our thought would be without form and void. Fancy may be capricious, whimsical, and untrustworthy, but imagination has the power of vision, of creation; it sees the universal in the particular; it gives truth an image, a local habitation and a name. Without it the truths which make us men would indeed be airy nothings, disembodied dreams.

How bare and forlorn our life would be without this architect within us, how like a desert with never a mirage to bewitch or allure. Gradgrind and Peter Bell are surely the most ungracious figures in human story. Dickens has etched Gradgrind in "Hard

Times"—for to such a man life must be a hard time —and we know the fate of that unfortunate little Gradgrind who was so often bidden never to wonder. But Peter Bell stands as the ideal of the prosaic, literal man. Of him we read:

> "A primrose by the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

Why was not Peter Bell right? What more did the poet see in the flower? If we were poets we should be better able to say. For one thing, the poet must have seen that the flower did not stand by itself, but that it was an expression of the heart of nature, and that the universal life bloomed in it. He might also have seen in it a symbol of we know not what gracious and graceful things. The flower may have seemed to him something akin to himself, only much more pure and simple. All this was as real as that which was seen by Peter Bell, and far more beautiful. To Peter Bell a flower bed would have meant so many blooms and nothing more; while to Tennyson a single flower in a crannied wall brought near the awful mystery of God and man, suggesting the mysterious and haunting beauty which hallows the earth and transforms it from a lumberyard into a temple.

Lowell saw as much poetry in iron horses that eat fire as in those of Diomed that fed on men. If you cut an apple across, you may trace the lines of the blossom that the bees hummed about in May; and so the soul of poetry survives in things prosaic. Here we learn the reason why so much of the work of the world is dreary, heavy-hearted drudgery, joyless and uninspiring. It is unillumined work. It has no wings, no renewing surprise, no dream. Such work may be honest and sincere, but it cannot be liberalizing or joyful or enthusiastic; it never gets beyond itself. One who sees only the details, and has no vision of the design as a whole, works blindly, however faithfully, and his task is robbed of joy. The power of seeing the whole while dealing with the parts, of keeping the engine in mind while fitting a cog, of beholding the temple while laying a brick, lies in the imagination. Having no picture of the whole, it is easy to be careless of the brick or the cog. Skill is labor spiritualized and redeemed from drudgery by insight, intelligence, and poetry. Where there is no vision, the worker toils doggedly amid the din and hum and litter of his labor.

It is so in all fields of human effort. No student can get at the soul and secret of a book unless he has the power to re-live, as it were, the life of the man, who wrote it. Every noble book is the history of a soul, and if we cannot feel the heart-beat within its lids we have missed its meaning. How many beauties elude the reader who does not see between the lines the joy or woe of a fellow soul. So again, imagination is almost the chief requisite of a true teacher. He who aspires to lead young minds must go back into the age and the mind of his pupils, sit where they sit, and look out at the world through their eyes. No task is more sacred or more delicate; but such a teacher, as some of us can testify, gives to arduous studies the thrill and joy of adventure. In like manner, sympathy requires imagination to put ourselves in the place of another, if we are to realize his position, with its subtle temptations and its lonely burdens. Every man has his own point of view, and if we are to know him, much less help him, we must know that point of view, however jaundiced and blood-shot it may be. This does not mean that to know all is to forgive all—that were to blur all moral distinctions, and make saints and scoundrels equally pitiable and equally deluded. But for successful service hardly any gift is more necessary than imaginative sympathy.

No wonder George Fox prayed to be baptized into a sense of all conditions, that he might be able to know the needs and feel the sorrows of all. This escape out of ourselves into the lives of others makes for our own health of soul, while it makes possible the helping of others. There is no swifter solvent of doubts, no surer road to reality than to leave behind our sickly musings, our vanities, our theories, our hoarded culture, and humbly go into the highways and hedges of other lives, and there rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. By searching for others we find ourselves, and learn not only what to do but what is true.

Great preachers, from Chrysostom to Phillips Brooks, gather up our hopes and aspirations, our dreams, our ideals with their sweet torment and discontent, and give them noble and enduring form. It is the power of the imagination. By it they strip off the hull of dogma and find the kernel of truth. With it they explain riddles. It helps them to glorify the commonplace, like sunlight falling upon the rubbish of a backyard. It makes them prophets of God, whose world is a chamber of imagery. Under its touch moral principles which were dead and uninviting become living, quickening realities and sway men like a passion. The gospel, said Bushnell, is a gift of God to the imagination, by which he meant that it gives a local habitation and a concrete shape to what would otherwise be a vague, intangible loveliness. Without imagination the seer would be blind and the poet wingless and alien to the sky.

So also the man of science. His great generalizations are feats of the imagination. When Tyndall sat down to write his essay on "The Scientific Use of the Imagination," he took his text from Emerson—that airy pilgrim of what so many regard as a visionary realm, whom Carlyle rebuked because he never touched the earth. Yet in the very lines quoted by Tyndall the poet foresaw the fact of Evolution as the divine way of doing things, which science was later to confirm. The thesis of the essay is the value and right use of the imagination—that skyey faculty, which, when left to run riot, leads man astray; but which, when trained, becomes the instrument of discovery in science, not less than the source of poetic genius. He shows how Kepler, Davy Dalton, and Faraday were men of fertile and vivid imagination, and therefore victorious seekers after truth.

Nor is that all. The essayist shows that without imagination the conception of force, of law, of order, would vanish, leaving only a series of tabulated facts. Gradgrind might gather a list of facts, but they would be little more than a basket of chips. Not until the constructive imagination touches facts, as with a wand, do they rise up and disclose their meaning. The passage from a falling apple to a falling moon was an act of the imagination, following the paths of a fact. Into the mind of the thinker flashed the image of a world ruled by law and the whimsical ghosts and demons gave way before a lucid and wise order. God thus set a new world in the heart of man. Such is the magic of this winged, image-making power, which

sees not only the fact but the wandering shadow of the fact. Without it the soul would be a prisoner in a windowless dungeon, unvisited by those splendid outlooks which make it a citizen of the universe.

Tyndall warned men of science not to "fight shy of the imagination," since withut it there would be no faculty in the realm of spiritual truth, for the insight of Augustine is surely as valid as that of Darwin. No doubt theology is imperfect, as every human translation of divine poetry must be; but it does not deal with unrealities. Its history shows a series of versions of the original, each more beautiful than the former, as the imagination becomes more refined. Dante portrayed the future of the soul in vivid colors, but much of his imagery is too terrible for the tender heart of our age. For us Sidney Lanier, in "Love in Search of Hell," sings of a faith that sees through evil and beyond it. One after another many old shapes of dogma are vanishing, but the truth as it is in Jesus remains, like the colors of dawn. We no longer talk much about miracles; they are so common. Our religious thought is reshaping itself in forms of unspeakable loveliness, adorned by a refined Christian imagination.

So also our social life and humane endeavor. The church, the school, literature, art, politics—all are now under the searchlight of a sensitive, humane, prophetic imagination. Old evils, long entrenched, rise up before us as too horrible to endure, as slavery became intolerable when men began to feel the lash upon their own backs. For the first time all are believers in the possibility of the ideal. The perfect man; the perfect woman; the perfect life are seen to be as possible as that of the miserable sensualist and the cracked Don Quixote. Imagination has grown astonishingly busy, feeding this conviction of ours and trying to picture to us a society wherein justice is gentle, mercy is sagacious, and pity is far-seeing and wise. We are turning back to review Christianity and ask if, after all, the Golden Rule is not workable, and the life of Jesus an everyday possibility, if not a necessity. It is imagination that holds

> "A world above man's head to let him see
> How boundless might his own horizon be!"

What a boon the imagination is to those beset by hard lot and bowed low with unrelenting care. Charlotte Bronte lived a drab life, in a narrow sphere, oppressed by poverty and unkindness. Such possible lovers as offered were impossible, though her heart was hot with a dream of ideal love. Shy, demure, reserved—all this she was to her neighbors, and nothing beyond. But when we read her books we discover the dream-life into which she escaped, and found joy. There love comes in glory, and women are free to take their own course and to find, it may be, the house of peace. Jane Austen felt the deep stab of death, and was left with no privilege but "to love longest when hope is gone." Out of her tragedy she escaped into a world of quiet, unshadowed, restful calm, where the pathos of human vanishing is not felt. God be thanked for this chariot of imagery wherein the soul finds refuge from besieging foes.

Christianity is a chamber of imagery. There truth weds beauty, and the reality of God, of man, of the kingdom of heaven, finds ultimate and ineffable shape. What has hitherto been vague and formless—a haunting dream, a flitting vision, an echoing voice—becomes a majestic and gentle Figure, taking steps by our side; an ancient, high, eternal dream come true; a revelation, through the imagination, of the beauty, pity, and grace of the Lord our God. The life of Jesus gives a local habitation and a name to the deepest longings, the highest aspiration, the sweetest dreams of the human soul, and it is therefore that men cling to it. But it is more than art, more than dream, more than aspiration; it is incarnation—deep answering deep, the human life of God in the fields of time. He it is who makes the heart a chamber of imagery—Christ formed in us, the hope of glory, bringing joy to the heavy laden, hope to the downcast, rest to the weary.

The stars are set in the pool, if the water is pure and still. When it is muddy they fade. Happy the pure in heart who know how to be still—they see God.

Book Notes

It is notable of the books of the year that the very best are reprints of old literature. There are not fifty volumes out of the five thousand new books that are of high importance, while most of them can be tossed aside as of at most third-rate importance. Some of the novels are strained beyond endurance for effect, while others are the simmering of very thin stuff. I have just been re-reading Gogol, and I wonder that Americans have not had more to say about him. In my opinion he is the forefront of the Russian writers. T. Y. Crowell published his "Dead Souls" and other novels several years ago, and a new edition ought to be on the market. For clean sarcasm, with noble purposing running through everything, I prefer him to the noisy moralizing of Tolstoy, especially if we take in his demoralizing also.

We have been trying to make the *Outing Magazine* express that sentiment for country home-making which is becoming dominant in the land, and we are succeeding. Albert Britt has proved to be just the right editor, eliminating rubbish from the magazine, while he charges it with a finer spirit of true sport, and true home life. We still like the *Independent* for its quiet and sturdy escape from all phases of sensationalism, while it reaches out widely for true intellectual food. Our old friend Ward, with Hamilton Holt, whose fame is growing as a lecturer, holds the *Independent* well to the front among intellectual forces.

I shall be glad to have the readers of UNITY express their opinion of my new book, "How to Make a Home in the Country," which will very soon be issued by the Outing Publishing Co. It will consist of articles which have been serially published in the *Outing Magazine* for the last fifteen months.

From Little, Brown & Co., I have at last one novel that is worth the while. Perhaps you remember the "Wood Carver of Lympus," and if so you will remember it with great delight. It was the work of Mary E. Waller, and she has now given us "Flamsted Quarries," a story of the present day conditions of American life, social and industrial. I have thrown down and then given away novel after novel this winter, but here is one that will stay on my shelves as worth the keeping. It is real, and it is ideal, both. There is in it the same uplifting spirit and the same right painting that there was in her previous book. Get this and have a good time, at the same time let it tone up your manhood. **E. P. P.**

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

TOLSTOY'S PLACE IN WORLD LITERATURE.

When the purely literary product of Leo Tolstoy is separated from the writings in which he has sought to convert humanity to a kind of Christian Anarchism, where does he stand? How will the future treat him as an author, and what is the place he will occupy in world-literature? Such are a few of the questions raised since his death and debated in all lands. As yet, it is clear, they are questions that cannot be answered finally or authoritatively. But already the enduring influence of his art on master-minds is markedly apparent. From Matthew Arnold, who, in 1888, hailed the author of "Anna Karenina" as a man of "extraordinary penetration" and "perfect sincerity," down to Anatole France, who has just been comparing Tolstoy with Shakespeare, Goethe and Victor Hugo, there have never been wanting critics who sincerely believed that Tolstoy will rank with the greatest writers of this or of any age.

One of the most impressive tributes ever paid to Tolstoy is that of William Dean Howells in the spiritual biography he has published under the title, "My Literary Passions." Mr. Howells was ever fifty years old when he began to read Tolstoy. He thought, he tells us, that the last word in literary art had been said to him by the novels of Turgenieff, but it seemed like the first, merely, when he began to acquaint himself with the simpler method of Tolstoy. He came to it by accident, and without any manner of preoccupation, in "The Cossacks," which had been on his shelves unread for five or six years. He did not know even Tolstoy's name when he opened it, and it was "with a kind of amaze" that he read it, and felt word by word and line by line the truth of a new art in it. He says:

"I do not know how it is that the great Russians have the secret of simplicity. Some say it is because they have not a long literary past and are not conventionalized by the usage of many generations of other writers, but this will hardly account for the brotherly directness of their dealing with human nature; the absence of experience elsewhere characterizes the artist with crudeness, and simplicity is the last effect of knowledge. Tolstoy is, of course, the first of them in this supreme grace. He has not only Turgenieff's transparency of style, unclouded by any mist of the personality which we mistakenly value in style, and which ought no more to be there than the artist's personality should be in a portrait; but he has a method which not only seems without artifice, but is so. I can get at the manner of most writers and tell what it is, but I should be baffled to tell what Tolstoy's manner is; perhaps he has no manner. This appears to me true of his novels, which, with their vast variety of character and incident, are alike in their single endeavor to get the persons living before you, both in their action and in the peculiarly dramatic interpretation of their emotion and cogitation. There are plenty of novelists to tell you that their characters felt and thought so and so, but you have to take it on trust; Tolstoy alone makes you know how and why it was so with them and not otherwise. If there is anything in him which can be copied or burlesqued it is this ability of his to show men inwardly as well as outwardly; it is the only trait of his which I can put my hand on."

After reading "The Cossacks," Mr. Howells went on to "Anna Karenina" with "a deepening sense of the author's unrivaled greatness." He thought that he saw through Tolstoy's eyes a human affair of that most sorrowful sort as it must appear to the Infinite Compassion; the book was "a sort of revelation of human nature in circumstances that have been so perpetually lied about that we have almost lost the faculty of perceiving the truth concerning an illicit love." Mr. Howells speaks almost as appreciatively of "War and Peace," with its "vast prospects and far-reaching perspectives." He finds "The Kreutzer Sonata" morally dramatic, and selects, among the shorter stories, "Policoushka" and "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch" for special praise. In concluding, he writes enthusiastically:

"His work has been a revelation and a delight to me, such as I am sure I can never know again. I do not believe that in the whole course of my reading, and not even in the early moment of my early enthusiasms, I have known such utter satisfaction in any writer, and this supreme joy has come to me at a time of life when new friendships, not to say new passions, are rare and reluctant. It is as if the best wine at this high feast where I have sat so long had been kept for the last."—*Current Literature.*

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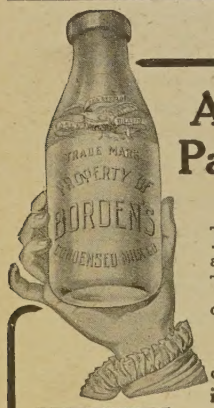

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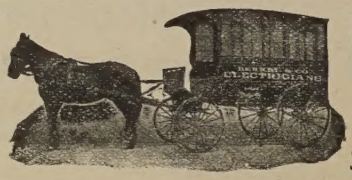

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